

On the 7th Tee, Par 3

-What is there, a nickel bet on each putt? Not allowed to play that slow! I'm gonna give 'em a yell to get going!

-No way you are! Those are, arguably, the four richest men in America on that green. High on the world's list too.

-Then fuck 'em, the way they're fucking everybody else!

-Not us they aren't, o half-Socialist one. In one way or another, they are our clients. Trickle-down is a cruel myth for Joe or José Sixpack, but not for us.

-We need a left-leaner for president, who'll appoint judges to disrupt this horribly toxic corporate rule.

-Uh huh? The likely one wants those who'll understand single mothers! I wish a violin'd fit in my golf bag. I'd like to play it now, mixed with Compassionate Conservative tears.

-I understand what he's driving at, any *any* counterweight to those rapacious pirates on the green there!

-You expect them to support all the little Black Sambos then?

-Scratch a guy who worships status-quo and you'll find a racist.

-Me, or them?

-If the foo shits...?

-I like wit, even that juvenile kind.

-As the song says (*Sings*) *They can't take that away from me*

-Well, it's the only thing. Never forget that.